



Turning



steampunk

fantasy

aviation

619 60 35

Chapter 1 by ForbiddenMoonlight

With a final grin, he spun the wheel.

Click, click, click

The sound slowly increased, until the gear was a blur.

The sound of blades sounded in the air, wind rushing up into the boys hair, peeking out of the sides of his aviator cap. Old, found in the trash like everything else here, but a dream. A dream that he was finally going to let fly.

He didnt know I was there, watching. Wishing, with my own dream. Who cares what they say outside of your walls?

I pull my journal closer, standing. Now is my last chance, before you fly away forever.

He jerks up, grin fading into panic.

I automatically raise my hands, accidentally dropping my journal in the process. I immediately dive to retrieve it, clutching a few pages close. A few pages I never lost in the artificial wind.

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I slowly walk forward, journal

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"Humm, its... cool" I finish, stuttering and lame. Stupid!

But for some reason it sends him into an uneasy smile. "You wont tell?"

I feel my eyes go wide as I shake my head wildly.

His smile turns genuine. "Want to take it out for a test drive?"

Chapter 2 by BubbleTrouble



We walked out an took a test drive. The drive was a bit bumpy, and awkward. We didn't talk, we didn't make a sound. I thought that we were SO quiet, that I could hear our breaths.

After we took it out for a run, we could hear people. These weren't just your normal bystanders, these were the police of our world, our dimension.

"Run", he said. I asked why, but he just grabbed my arm and we started running as fast as we could into the woods. I was terrified, nervous, anxious. So many emotions were going through me.

"What's going on?", I asked, but he never responded. All he said was to hope for the best and keep quiet.

After a few hours, we went out of hiding. We walked our separate ways and went home. I has this feeling in me, a feeling I've never felt before. Love.

Chapter 3 by Jake Cielo



That night when I went to bed, I could still imagine the smell of old clothes and gasoline. I shut my eyes and imagined that he and I were still on the machine, clutching to one another and hoping the thrill would never end.

I thought how stupid it was that I didn't even ask his name, just simply climbed onto his machine and we were off.

His machine! Looking back at it, I had never seen such a piece of junk that traveled so beautifully. Then I realized why it was so beautiful. It was exactly the same as the machines that government banned due to the Crawford Brothers Incident.

I shivered, thinking back to that time the police found our machine. They caught us riding in banned technology.

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Now, I was torn between the fear of getting caught but the deep love that I was no feeling for this mysterious inventor. Before I fell into unconsciousness, I made a promise to find him again, no matter the risk,

Chapter 4 by ag_mackie



A few hours later, I woke up in a place that was unfamiliar. The inventor laid beside me. I was relieved that I wouldn't have to spend years searching for him, like in some of the books I read when I was younger. Nervously, I gently shake him awake, hearing the metal on his clothes rattle quietly. "Are you awake?" I whisper.

When there was no response, I began to panic. I shook him again, and he let out a low groan. I sigh and lay back against the gray, stone wall we were behind, or in front of. I stand up, brushing off my skirt and beginning to wander around. It was obvious we were in an enclosed space, there was one large door that was barred with steel. There was one window that was also barred in steel. It finally hit me, we were caught, we were in prison. "W-What?" I whisper nervously. The last thing I remember is soaring through the cloud with a wonderful, mysterious inventor. But, the technology was banned. Of course we were going to get caught, what was I thinking!

I wanted to march over to the inventor and kick him in the side, and scream at him for getting me in think that it would be just a grand idea to take a joyride through the clouds! But when I marched over to do just that, I remembered why I went with him in the first place. Seeing him laying there, so peacefully, stirred up my newfound love for this man. So, I didn't kick him. Until he was awake, I found myself pacing back and forth, trying to figure out how we could get out of here. I was probably miles and miles from home, and couldn't reach my brother or sisters...

When he finally woke up, he rubbed the side of his head and looked up at me. "I suppose you've figured out what happened...?" I sigh and nod. "Yes. We were caught. I knew it was going to happen." He stood up and walked over to me, grasping both my hands in his. I feel my face start to heat up and I looked down. "I'm so sorry love. I'll find a way to get us out of here."

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Chapter 5 by Lou King

Each hour we spent locked

He wouldn't talk to me, he had his back to me, his head was buried in his hands. I walked back from me and to wait. Resting his head against the cold metal.

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I trusted him. I knew that i shouldn't, having only known the man for but a few hours but.... he felt safe.

When he'd taken my hands in a panic, when he'd looked out upon the horizon with that glimmer in his eyes.. it was like he was home.

Chapter 6 by adware



He was dead by the morning. His half finished plan for escape scrawled on his palm.

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